THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,

NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1638.

Choice Poetry.

A THOUGHT AT NIAGARA.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

How where great thoughts the spirit most oppress,
And man should feel his utter nothingness,
Awed by the voice that thunders from thy flood,
Dullness! I marvel! to tell of God.
Hushing our passion's turbulence until
Adoring silence all the soul doth fill.
Even Sceptic, unawed, must own there can still be room,
And with the rebuff cast the jest aborne.
Here's word, and Deity's law, and Psalm's ground,
Profane lip repetition, oh, awful Place!

Yet wherefore wonder? If where Ocean pours
His solemn anthem to the listening ears,
Where mountains, cloud-crowned, climb to heaven,
and there
An early two light over vales below;
When the strong sea thunds all its far web light,
Or, in her quarry pomp, the holy Night
Kindle down, serene, with myriad starry eyes,
Or, clothed with storms, stalks terror from the skies,

Man can be vile, the slave of low desires,
Consenting his own powers to lull or fires,
And, all forgetful of the soul's high birth,
Wurrow, and debase, and chain it to the earth—
Hope not that here, where from the prospects
Niagara plunges to the dread abyss,
With thunder-shadow, upward and afar
Rent, till the dim falls tremble to the jar,
Where ever the world thunders the "mighty" are
Greatness glorious with the rainbow spanning there—
Hope not that here, his better will, reverent, was
In the dread scene, God's might and majesty
Melt mean and contracting souls, as wasting cloud,
His nothing sense dies and lastitles all.

Not then, oh, God! not then would I behold
This vision of Thy glories mingle with
I would be better, nobler, leaving cloud
There here, to know with Thy support—I could—
I would be purer, lesser, from to-day.
That I have known Thee, and have felt Thy agony—
And hear away, transitioning soul and mine,
A verbal beauty and a thought sublime.
And hear, at noon and night, on land or sea,
An everlasting voice proclaiming Thee,
Till all my days, and through the eternal years
And all my thoughts shall brighter mirror thine!

The Pictorial Home U. W. Aug. 21, 1852.

Pictures of Life.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

I will tell you all about an affair—important as it proved to me—which occurred a short time since. I have never been in a hurry since then, and never will. Up till that time inclusive, I was always in a hurry. My business always prescribed my thoughts; experience was of no use; and no body would have supposed me the worst subject to carry a young head upon old shoulders to the grave. However, I was brought up at last with a round turn.[1]" I was sitting at a desk, space for reflection, and plenty of materials; and if it did not do me good, it is a pity.

My father and mother both died when I was still a great awkward boy; and I, being the only thing that I was, became heir-apparent to the property of a distant relation. I do not know how it happened, but I was left to myself entirely. I was a kind of waif upon the world from the beginning; and I suppose it was owing to my having no family entourage that I acquired the habit of swaying to and fro, and drifting idly and shiftlessly, at the mercy of a whim and tide. Not that my guardian was inattentive or unkind, for he was neither; but he was indolent and careless, considering himself with providing abundantly for my schooling and my pockets, and leaving everything else to chance. He would have done the same thing to his own son if he had had one, and he did the same thing to his own daughter. But girls somehow cling wherever they are cast—anything is anchorage for them; and I, a boy and grow up, she gave the care she had never found, and was the little mistress of the whole house. As for the titular mother, she had not an atom of character of any kind. She might have been a painter, or a nun, for anything else that is unclean except to the taste or the affliction. Nature was indispensable. It is a vulgar error to suppose that people who have nothing to them are nobody in a house. Our mamma was the very centre and circle of our every feelings and it was strange to observe the utter care we took of everything that she had or two ideas in her head.

It is no wonder that I was always in a hurry, for I must have had an instinctive idea that I had my fortune to look for. The Governor had nothing more than a modest independence, and this would be a good deal lessened after his death by the share of an annuity. But since Laura was thus provided for well enough, while I had not a shilling in actual money, although plenty of hypothetical thousands in the form of castles in the air. It was the earnestness of the latter that made it possible to me that the first boy to see me and say an air, and made me so completely the master of my own actions. How I did worry that blessed old woman, how I have lectured and scolded! how the Governor stormed! and how I have forgotten the star that is and we were all as happy again as the day was long! But at length the time of separation came. I took leave of everything with a strong enough to make my bread as a poet—if that had been needful—and I started with a friend for me in a counting-house at Barcelona, and after a voyage of twenty days my from sister Laura, a blessing and a kiss from mamma and a great sob kept down by a horrible lump from the Governor, I went aboard.

Four years passed rapidly away. I had attained my full height, and more than my just share of vigor, and I rapidly acquired a full allowance of whiskers, and had even made some progress in the rudiments of a pair of moustaches, when suddenly the house I was connected with failed. What to do? The Governor intimated upon my return to England, that I had better go among the mercantile class was considerable, Laura hinted the same thing, but my presence in the house would soon be a matter of great importance to her father, and nausea let out the secret, by saying he was the best London wing to change her condition." I was glad to hear this, for I knew he would be needed to sell a boy who was Laura's husband; and, judging down my prickle, which would have been useless, did not that it was necessary to go back again like the ill magazine, I set out on my return home.

The family, I knew, had moved to another house; but being well acquainted with the town, I had no difficulty in finding the street, and in the a range of handsome buildings which had sprung up in the fashionable outskirts during my absence; and although it was far on in the evening, my accustomed eyes soon detected through the gloom the Governor's old fashioned door-plate. I was just about to knock, reading against each other in my delight and impatience, when a temptation arose in my way. One of the area-windows was open, paying as if for the sake of admitting a draught of air, and I was about to touch, I was stealing my pockets with the plate.

While thus engaged, the opening of a door in the hall above alarmed me; and afraid of the failure of my plan, I stepped back into the area, which was partially lighted by the hall-lamp. As I was about to emerge at the top, a serving girl was coming out of a room on the opposite side. She instantly retreated, shut the door with a bang, and I could hear a half-suppressed hysterical cry. I bounded on, sprang up the drawing-room stairs, and entered the first door at a venture. All was dark, and I stopped for a moment to listen. Lights were hurrying across the hall; and I heard the voice of a man as if scolding and taunting some person. The girl had doubtless gone, the alarm, although her information must have been very indistinct, for when she came I was in the shadow of the stair, and she could have had little more than a vague impression that the behold a human figure. However this may be, she and the voice appeared to descend the stair to the area, and presently I heard a confused sound, not as if he was counting the plate, but rather thrusting it aside en masse. Then I heard the window closed, the shutters bolted, and the alarm-bell hung upon them, and the man re-ascended the stair, scolding and muttered all to the girl's superstition. He took care not withstanding to examine the fastenings of the drawing-room door, and even to look in the key in his pocket. He then retired into a room, and all was silence.

I began to feel pretty considerably queer. The Governor kept no male servant that I know of, and had never done so. It was impossible, I could have introduced this change into his household without my having detected of it by sister Laura, whose letters were an exact chronicle of everything, down to the health of the cat. This was puzzling. And now that I had time to think, the house was much too large for a family requiring only three sleeping rooms even when I was at home. It was what is called a double house, with rooms on both sides of the hall; and the apartment on the threshold of which I was still lingering appeared, from the dim light of the window, to be of very considerable size. I now recollected that the quantity of plate I had seen—a portion of which at all than the comfortably heavy in my pockets—must have been three times greater than any the Governor ever possessed, and that various pieces were of a size and massiveness I had never before seen in the establishment. In vain I beckoned up the past that I had seen and recognised the well-known door-plate, and that the room from which I entered was immediately under; in vain I argued that since Laura was about to be married, the extra quantity of plate might be accountable for; in part of her *trousseau*. I could not convince myself. But the whole of my thoughts was passed as idea, and pulling hastily from my pockets a handful of spoons always preceded

was introduced to him as "Our neighbor, Mr. Percy." And when the evening was over, this gentleman took an opportunity of observing the silliness aside, and confidentially informing them that the father of Gwendoline was very much worried, with the company of some relations that were staying with them but then, and that although they would probably grace their guests to its utmost all night, the latter could not do so without putting their kind hosts to much inconvenience; he concluded by offering, and pressing them to accept, the hospitality of his humble roof for his own family.

Ay! gaze on, Amber Clifton, for what you have once turned your eyes away, sleep's best potion must be yours ere you again think that neighbored there against!

He remained until summoned by Mr. Percy—then pressing a final kiss upon the calmed lips, he departed with a tacit promise to be at her side early in the morning.

[To be indulged!]

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Note.—As there are some four or five columns more, to unravel at a late hour, we find it impossible to conclude this story as we do not wish to "hurry" the author; but shall *certainly* do so. Providence permitting, by the "Come of Clifton" to a close, in the next evening up the old year and the deeply interesting number, together.

Then for fresh fields, and pastures new.

Foreign Letter.

REMINISCENCES OF ENGLAND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I think I have said in a former letter, that certain impressions which I, in common with many Americans, entertained of English life, character and condition, have been somewhat modified by a closer acquaintance with the people.

It is generally supposed that the English are reserved, exclusive, unaccommodative. Such is not the character I have noted, and as the truth is a matter of this kind can only be discovered by a multitude of witnesses, I must stand before the jury a witness for the defence. It mattered not where I was, nor how I traveled. I was rarely a lone for company or conversation. When in railway cars, the knowledge that I was an American always opened the flood-gates of conversation, and information, good, bad and indifferent, was volunteered, until it was sometimes burdensome. In steamboats the case was not at all different, and on foot, I never found the least difficulty in joining in conversation with those whom I overtook, or by whom I was overtaken. Many of my most pleasant acquaintances that I made in England, were fellow pedestrians; and two, whose friendship I count as among the most valuable acquisitions there, were introduced to me by an country supporting the country with the wool were about entering, on foot. Casual inquiries in reference to roads, ruins, scenery, &c., have led to many instances to evidence that I think I should not have received in America, and which I have failed to meet among the opposite class of polite French and Belgians. My recollections of Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick and Kenilworth are scarcely more lively on account of the historical, poetic and romantic associations connected with them, than for the free, unaccustomed politeness, and unreserved sociability displayed by several with whom the tortune of travel brought me in contact. When it is borne in mind, that these civilities were extended by those to whom letters of introduction would be considered a more effective passport than a knapsack, I think we must conclude very much for forming the opinions that I have. I am well aware that individual opinions are not of much weight, unless they are accompanied by the facts in which they originate, but detail upon a subject like this are impossible in a journal like the Post. I think the charge of reserve against the English, comes not unfrequently from those who have no small share of it themselves, and they mistake the reflection of their own fire in countenance in the English. It is, however, no more than fair to say, that the English recognize the reserve attributed to them as a national characteristic. Many to whom I mentioned my experience as disproving it, explained the fact by saying that an American is not to meet with far less of it than an Englishman; for a well dressed American is looked upon as a man's servant: but when an Englishman speaks to an Englishman with whom he is unacquainted, he is not seen whether he is addressing a lord or a lackey.

English weather deserves a paragraph at no height, and it gives me much pleasure to be found to say a word in commendation where abuse is so generally showered. In all countries the weather seems to be considered a fair butt for incipient wits to practise upon, and English weather, in particular, has been the target of American rallerie, even when it has escaped the brandish of denunciation. A New York editor, sufficiently well known, has advised his correspondents to take a thermometer with them as they leave port, as they will have no opportunity of seeing him again till they return, though the English try to palm off upon us the weary a miserable substitute. Gratitude compels me to undertake the defence of a friend whose bright morning face met me so often when I rose, and whose farewell glances at mid-summer frequently lighted me to rest. Full of the prevalent notions respecting the dripping shrewish, bedims that were in some manner confirmed by a half-dozen showers daily while in Liverpool, I armed myself with an umbrella and a waterproof coat, but from the 25th of June till the 6th of September, I think I did not see the former more than three times, and the latter bleached, under a clear sun, as it long a useless encumbrance on my arm. Two or three showers' days in Liverpool, London or Scotland, making my visit to Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, and the romantic spots therebetween, suggestive only of shadiness and gladness—a very heavy rain in Wales, meeting no place—and delaying my progress, are the only occasions when I had reason to complain of the moist climate. I confess that I was extremely unfortunate, for, while the newspapers came freighted with disastrous intelligence of terrific thunder storms in the section of country which I had just left, I was witness to only one exhibition of the kind, and that was in middle the thunder storms which I had looked for in England, that it may tended to confirm me in the opinion that I had known nothing about the English climate. Hour after hour, brilliant and incessant flashes of lightning lighting up the sky, and peal after peal of reverberating thunder, producing the grandest terror among the denizens of the air, brought vividly to my mind similar scenes in my American Summer. Of the seventy-five days I spent in England, I think there were but a few doors on which my rain fell. The sky warmly ever changed to monotonous shades of leaden gray, nor hid by veils of chilling mist, but between tendency flakes, or great mountain heaps, that are rested on the fiery line, seemed surpassed by my native skies; and in the latter part of August, when the sun was not to be seen setting, none could with more pleasant coverage. The memory of how many lovely nights, have burned moonlight nights, rises, by contrast with them, the memory of how many glorious mornings, the heavens blazing bright and beautiful, sunrise as at home, drew blessings from me as I rose.

In respect to the heat of the climate, I was somewhat disappointed. The last week in June and the last ten days in July, were very uncomfortably warm. From the 6th to the 16th of July, I found it quite as oppressive in London as I have ever known it in Philadelphia, though the mercury did not exhibit so high a temperature. One day, however, it reached 90°, and for several days it maintained nearly as exalted notions. It really seemed to me as though I possessed with American ideas of propriety. During all this time there was scarcely a cloud in the sky and so long long over the city to hide again the Germans of the sun's rays. We were almost ready to pray that he might come out and assume the "heated turnip" appearance which the aforementioned Yankee had described.

Taken all in all I can hardly imagine a more satisfactory season for travelling than that I enjoyed in England the past summer, and I have no reason to believe that it has been an exceptional one. I do not doubt that the English have much dull weather in the course of the year than we, but those who suppose they are always in a fog of a morning, are laboring under delusion.

Having said enough, perhaps, on the subject of meteorological observations, I may turn the table, and speak of occasional notions entertained by the English regarding Americans. It is a very common error among them, to think that the Yankees are all loud, angular, lantern jawed, nothing but hasty and sounds; that their continual nativity and cares, wear them to frames upon which to hang clothes! It is quite possible that the strange conspicuity of English-men in a wide greater than of Americans. I think it is, but the difference is so little as not to be noticeable unless one's attention is directed to it that way. I have observed in many cases, that Americans and Englishmen are strangely alike in considerable numbers, that the most favorable opportunities was a fellow countryman. Hawkers in England have I met some who would for a moment hold a comparison with the native specimens of Philadelphia. The latter boasts of the *coolness*, on both sides of the water, and says if he breathes of that stagnant air of Liverpool or Manchester against New York or Philadelphia, and it was honest he would be entitled to the palm. I am inclined to believe that the Englishman would be the victor. There is a certain frankness and coolness of manner among the former, that is not to be seen behind, which imparts a healthier appearance than Americans can build.

Much of this POST goes, and is appreciated by Englishmen, about the want of refinement in Americans, and with a patronizing air assures us that they call our vulgarity on the score of our youth.

I have nothing to say about the refinement of the highest classes in England, for reasons that I have given in the opening of this letter; but something of society in the commercial and literary circles, similar to that I should enjoy in my own country; and I find the well-bred as to the same, intelligently, on both sides of the water, and see by the benefits

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1852.

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STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

Congressional.

SENATE.

On the 6th, before and after the reading of the Message, the case of Mr. Dixon, elected by the Kentucky Legislature, to fill the place of Mr. Clay, was discussed at length. The question was, whether Mr. Merriwether, previously appointed by the Governor to fill the vacancy, was not entitled to the seat. Mr. Dixon presented his credentials; Mr. Merriwether was not present.

On the 7th, the discussion of the Kentucky contested election case, was resumed, and occupied the entire setting.

On the 8th, the discussion was further continued, and then postponed to Monday.

On the 9th, little business was transacted, an Executive session was held, and then adjourned till Monday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 6th, the Message was received and read.

On the 7th, Mr. Brooke proposed to amend the motion to refer the Message to the Committee of the Whole, so as to refer that part which relates to the subject of a Tariff and Revenue to a Select Committee, with power to examine witnesses and collect testimony, here and elsewhere, with instructions to report, as soon as possible, a bill to reduce the revenues from imports to an amount which may be required for a sound administration of the Government.

Mr. Brooke, who is a Whig Representative from New York city, expressed his alarm at the accumulation of $20,000,000 in the Treasury, and the amount still increasing. His idea was to get rid of the surplus revenue, by enlarging the list of free articles, and to have especial reference to raw materials which enter into the composition of manufactures, and to place them on a par with other countries.—Others asked for other things, among them, more protection, and for an abolition of duty on railroad iron.

Mr. Brown, of Miss., called to mind that we have $60,000,000 to $70,000,000 of debt. This is a capital way to dispose of your surplus—pay your debts with it. Besides this, he has yet to learn that the appropriations of last year, and those necessarily dependant on them in future, have been provided for. We have delicate relations towards Mexico, which may involve us in large expenditures. Depredations have been committed on Mexicans, owing to a neglect of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, and outside rumor says the damage may amount to $15,000,000 or $20,000,000. He was satisfied with the Tariff of '46. He was opposed to a return to minimums and specifics.

Mr. Dean said he was willing, at a proper time, to go into a discussion on the subject, but he was opposed to changing the Tariff in principle, knowing, as he did, that a majority of the country were, or are, opposed to such change. In conclusion, he moved the previous question, and under its operation, the amendment of Mr. Brooke was disagreed to—yeas 73, nays 99.

Rev. James Gallagher, Presbyterian, was elected Chaplain.

On the 8th, the Speaker announced the Standing Committees. With a few variations, made necessary by deaths and resignations, they are the same as last year.

On the 9th, the death of Mr. Thompson, of Mass., was announced, and then adjourned.

On the 10th, Mr. Brooke again brought up the Tariff question. He said that something must be done. As a Representative of the commercial and trading interests, he did not feel easy, nor did his constituents feel easy, with a surplus of fifteen or twenty millions in the Treasury, and the probable accumulation of more. The Sub-Treasury is but a miser hoarding up the treasure of the Government, and when the amount thus locked up in New York goes beyond six millions, the mercantile interest became uneasy, for it threatened to affect the whole system of the currency. He had, therefore, at this early period, thrown his proposition before the House. He did not intend, so far as his vote was concerned, to let twenty millions remain in the Treasury, but would vote it out freely, as the most liberal interests of the country might demand. It would be better to vote for the wildest system of internal improvements, than to suffer twenty millions to rail up unemployed in the Treasury, to the general damage of the country. He would rather vote to double the Army and Navy, than to disconnect this vast amount from the commerce of the country.—Nay, it would be wise to make the most wasteful appropriations, rather than to permit the surplus revenue constantly to increase. Before he voted for any Appropriation Bill, he desired to know how [...]

POLITICAL NEWS.

North Carolina.—The Free Suffrage Bill of North Carolina has been defeated in the Senate by the casting vote of the Speaker.—

Temperance in Mississippi.—Three townships in Hinds County, have endorsed the prohibition of the liquor traffic, granted them on that condition by the Legislature, by a vote of 172 ayes to 87 nays.

Cuba.—The Charleston Mercury, the organ of the Southern Rights Party, in South Carolina, has a long and able argument against the annexation of the Island of Cuba. It thinks the United States, as a confederacy, ought, on every ground of public policy, to shrink from the acquisition of Cuba by war.

The Presidential Vote.—The vote is as follows, partly estimated, however:

For Franklin Pierce	1,436,559
Winfield Scott	1,244,736
John Hale	144,769
Whole number of votes	2,825,064
Pierce over Scott	190,823
Pierce over Scott and Hale	46,054

Pierce gets 254, and Scott 42 electoral votes; while the Whig party in the popular vote, stands to the Democratic, as about 9 to 10.

Exactly.—The Syracuse Star says Pierce's election was brought about by a concatenation of fortuitous circumstances, superinduced by a succession of unparalleled coincidences.

General Scott.—The Washington correspondent of the North American, of this city, says:—

"General Scott bears his defeat with dignified and philosophical composure. He is evidently much more concerned for his friends than for himself. *Under no circumstances will he ever permit his name to be used again for a political office.*"

The Offer for Cuba.—A fact not generally known has recently come to light, that Mr. Soulé, of Louisiana, whilst on a visit to Spain in 1846, sounded the Spanish Government with respect to the purchase of Cuba—not officially, but yet according to the suggestions of this Government, and his representations, subsequently, led to the further steps taken by President Polk.

The Fugitive Law.—A Bill has passed through Committee of the Whole of the Ohio House of Delegates, to protect the rights of persons claimed as fugitive slaves. Its provisions are somewhat similar to the famous Vermont law. Prosecuting Attorneys are to apply for writs of habeas corpus where persons are arrested, and if either party ask, a jury trial shall be allowed, &c. From the manifestations, it is doubtful whether such a Bill can finally pass.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Col. Benton on Cuba.—Col. Benton comes out strong against the filibustering attempt to annex Cuba. He considers the movement a part of the grand scheme to form a "Southern Republic," and dissolve the American Union. He takes the ground that the Captain General was right in excluding Purser Smith under the circumstances.

News Items.—Rachel, the French actress, is to visit the United States next year.

Miss Pennell, niece of the Honorable Horace Mann, of Massachusetts, has been appointed Professor of the Latin Languages and Literature, in Antioch College, Ohio, of which Mr. Mann is elected President.

England.—The volunteering for the militia has so far been successful that no less than 30,000 out of the 50,000 wanted, have been enrolled. But only thirteen of the fifty-two counties of England and Wales have furnished their full quota.

A bronze colossal statue of Christopher Columbus is to be erected in Madrid.

The girl clerk who created so decided a sensation in Boston recently, is now on a pleasure tour in breeches, to the principle cities of Eastern Massachusetts. She still adheres to the "unmentionables," and attracts universal attention. Last week she visited Salem, Newburyport and Lowell. In the latter place, the City Marshal, the Courier says, "took her in charge, gave her some good advice, and sent her quietly away."

A week ago last Friday, the conductor of one of the trains on the Lake Shore Railroad, in Ohio, discovered an obstruction lying on the track near Conneaut. The train was stopped, and the impediment removed. It proved to be a box, which being opened, contained a pretty babe! The little unfortunate was taken to the County Almshouse.

The case of the Irishman Kane, whose seizure here under a requisition from the English Government created such an excitement, is now before the U. S. Supreme Court, at Washington, and will come on for argument in the course of a few days.

Captain R. C. Dennis lately arrived at Boston from Port au Prince, informs the Journal that the Haytiens are very kind to sick Americans and other foreigners. Captain Dennis says that four families out of ten have a piano. Soulouque, the Emperor, is a fine-looking man, strictly temperate; and the stories told about [...]

☞ The New Style of Holiday Hats just issued by Oakford, of 149 Chesnut Street, are worthy the attention of all who want a beautiful, well shaped, and easy hat to the head. Oakford's style of hats are admired by all who have seen them, for their superior quality and neatness, as well as the low price at which they can be obtained. We would also remind the ladies of the superior Furs of every hue and color, which can be obtained at his establishment, 149 Chesnut Street.

Nativity of our Population.—From the *Census Report.*—One of the most interesting results of the Census is the classification of inhabitants, according to the countries of their birth. We are thus enabled to discover, for the first time, of what our nation is composed. The investigations under this head have resulted in showing that of the free inhabitants of the United States, 17,736,792 are natives of its soil, and that 2,210,828 were born in foreign countries; while the nativity of 39,227 could not be determined. It is shown that 1,965,518 of the whole number of foreign born inhabitants were residents of the free States, and 245,310 of the Slave States. It is seen that the persons of foreign birth form 11.06 per cent. of the whole free population. The countries from which have been derived the largest portions of these additions to our population appear in the following statement:—

Natives of Ireland in the U. S. in 1850,	961,719
" Germany " "	573,225
" England " "	278,675
" British America " "	147,700
" Scotland " "	70,550
" France " "	54,069
" Wales " "	29,868
	2,115,806
" All other countries	95,022

The proportion in which the several countries above named have contributed to the aggregate immigrant population, is shown in the subjoined statement:—

Ireland	43.4 per cent
Germany	25.9 "
England	12.6 "
British America	6.68 "
Scotland	3.17 "
France	2.44 "
Wales	1.34 "
Miscellaneous	4.17 "
	20.0

This view of the living immigrant population is important, as serving to correct many extravagant notions concerning it which have attained extensive currency.

Another interesting branch of this inquiry is that which concerns the inter-migrations of our native citizens among the States. The tables presenting a view of those movements will be most useful and valuable in tracing the progress of different portions of the country. The facts developed will show how far one section has impressed its own characteristics and peculiar customs on others. It is found that out of 17,736,792 free inhabitants, 4,116,792 have migrated and settled beyond the States of their birth. Three hundred and thirty-five thousand natives of Virginia, equal to 26 per cent. of the whole have found homes outside of her own borders. South Carolina has sent forth 163,355, which is 36 per cent. of all citizens of that State living in the United States at the date of the census, and forms the astonishing proportion of 58 per cent. of those remaining in the State of [...]

ALMANAC.

Nov. 1852	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	High Water	Moon's Phases.
18 Saturday,	7 27	4 33	8 21	
19 Sunday,	7 27	4 33	9 2	
20 Monday,	7 27	4 33	9 43	
21 Tuesday,	7 27	4 33	10 24	D. H. M.
22 Wedn'day,	7 27	4 33	11 8	Last 4 7 3
23 Thursday,	7 27	4 33	11 53	New 10 10 12
24 Friday,	7 27	4 33	12 42	First 18 3 19
25 Saturday,	7 27	4 33	1 27	Full 26 7 50

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

Dec.	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
[illegible]	30	32	36
[illegible]	43	50	55
[illegible]	40	36	38
[illegible]	52	54	55
[illegible]	43	49	54
[illegible]	48	53	35
[illegible]	42	42	42

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Washington, D. C., on the 2d inst. by Friends' Ceremony, Jonathan Dennis, Jr., Attorney for Inventors, to Jane Elizabeth Parsons, of the same place.

On the [illegible] ult. by the Rev. Samuel C. Brinkle, Mr. Isaac S. Elliott, to Miss Sallie R. daughter of John [illegible] Benning, Esq. all of New Castle county, Delaware.

On Thursday evening, the 2d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Dorr, Mr. William Conway, to Miss Alice, daughter of Aaron Southern, Esq. all of Philadelphia.

On the [illegible] instant, by the Rev. P. F. Mayer, Mr. Richard Gebiner, to Mary, daughter of Samuel Browne, Esq. all of this city.

On the [illegible] instant, by the Rev. W. Blackwood, Mr. Robert Miller, to Miss Eliza Whitlow, all of this city.

On the [illegible] ultimo, by the Rev. D. D. Stevens, Mr. William Brown, of Philadelphia county, to Miss Harriet Nixon, of this city.

On the [illegible] Aug. last, by the Rev. Wm. M. Odenheimer, John L. Kates, to Elizabeth Denman, daughter of the late Francis Worley, all of this city.

On the [illegible] inst. by the Rev. J. McDowell, D. D., B. F. De[illegible], to Miss Ella King, all of Philadelphia.

In this city, on the 7th inst. by E. W. Gilbert, D. D. the Rev. John M. Prince, of Georgetown, Mass. to Miss Sarah B. Coffin, of this city.

On the [illegible] inst. by the Rev. C. Polley, Mr. Joseph Carter, son of Joseph Carter, dec'd, formerly of Philadelphia, to Miss Hannah L. Gibbs, daughter of Jas. L. Gibbs, all of Woodbury, N. J.

On the [illegible] inst. by the Rev. Doctor Greenbank, Mr. Joseph [illegible], to Miss Mary A. Frailey, both of Philadelphia.

[...]

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ASTR.EA.

[Astræa, the goddess of justice, is said to have left the earth at the close of the golden age, and from thence to Pisces.]

Time with relentless hand has shed
Wherever a pendulum beats and forth—
High above in the realms of day,
We see it not, but we feel it there!

LEONINE C. FEUDMAN.

The Indigo-ad.

Selected Sketch.

THOUGHTS AND DOINGS OF A HOUSEKEEPER.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

Hi! ho! hum! I suppose I must get up; I don't Biddy won't get that wash-fire going in a minute. But oh, what hard work it always does to get up. I am old and stiff. Well, well, I'm not so young as I was twenty years ago, but what of that? I have my years have been years of service, and my elasticity has not gone for ever. I must beautifully admit that—this my pendulum—poor fellow! it is cold this morning, and the snow lies upon his pavely; but his not—no gay and cheery; so is he always spring-warm-ing of last week. The birds never grumble at make discontent notes, and they never fail to shake off their dreary slumbers with the first beams of sunshine. Think thee, dear bird of mine, for thy melodious lesson, that it is time to get up, so away with morning reveries.

Ha! ha! Pomeroy always ahead of me! good fellow! And I stooped down and patted his cruel-black head, and he flinked his pet around me as if he had been acquainted for a year, instead of only one night-watch. Down, Pomeroy down! Let me up my shoes and go to my work.

Well, Biddy, have you got the wash-fire started in the low kitchen?

"I have, ma'am."

"That's right. You did not get home last night?"

"No, ma'am. It was too dark entirely to to-night up the lane, my love, and I was afraid, I was saying that after a bit you'd care if I turned before, hurting I was loose in season in the morning for the work."

Ha, Biddy, that crimson glow upon the roving cheek tells strange tales. It was not the rising the brue in the dark, all alone, that kept you down at Paddy Kenny's. Some bright eyes from the own green lake, has tempted thee, and thy eyes are dim with the late night-watch and the tremulous sigh breaks up from the heart. Then act brause, Biddy, and it is human to love and maids in the kitchen have been as much impossible as maids in the parlors, and as poor for, the aught I know. Biddy did not hear my thoughts.

"Boil the praties with the skins on, ma'am?"

"Certainly, child; I do not think they up ever so nice and sweet as when boiled with the skins on. Wash them nicely, and cut out carefully all the defective parts, and boil them in clear water; but be sure, Biddy, and to let them boil low long—turn off the water as soon as you can put a fork through them easily."

"And if the young gentlemen are not ready for them, then what'll I do?"

"Let them eat as the kettle on the top of the stove, make the lid tightly; simmer over them, they will not hurt them much to stand a few minutes."

The cherry-cheeked maiden went her way as if she had learned something new—and busy indeed, for though the bodies of a people seems to be a very simple thing, it's not half the girls, or women either, that take praise to do it right.

But I declare those boys are not up yet.

"Why!"

"Ma'am!"

"Come down! It's time you was up. Wake John, and Henry and George. Come, now don't go to sleep again."

"We said!"

Pshaw! the fellow is so sleepy he does not know whether he is going or no. I can't be just as myself, and I never go to the door to call my own children, but I think of my own dear mother that is gone. My mother—how often I think of her! When I weary, when I watch dishes, make bread—even when I stand at the stove of meat in the dish—I think of her, and her gentle hands and voice touchingly in her way and child. I, too, must strive to be patient.

"Biddy, Biddy! It's time the meal was over! There, you may take hold of the washing now. I will get the breakfast on the table and attend to those little matters, and give you a helping hand, by-and-bye."

"I am thankful to ye," answered the cheerful, "it's not often that them or ye goes into the wash-tub."

Poor thing! she thinks that her fate is hardmore labor, though I am certain her one—but best handful I see in a day. She has to get up in the morning and get to sinker—know to to do it myself, and then see when it is done right. It is a gladsome thing to feel independent, to know that my happiness and comfort, and that of my husband and children is not under the control of the power of a Biddy, and that if she refuses to butter the toast, or chooses to burn it, I can do myself, and thus save the surrounding and discontent of the household in spite of her. Only think of it, all ye who find your peace and the comfort of a housekeeper. Insignificance indeed! Here are dinners to be cooked, and meals! Suppose Biddy had the washing all to do, and the breakfast to get, too. Biddy would be in a hurry—feel impatient—vexed, perhaps—that she alone was the busy one. The coffee would not be clear, the pork boil; perhaps, to-day, it's been spoiled. Mr. Then husband and sons are disappointed, out of humor, stomachs out of good, and humor in unison. And they go away to the workshop or office, speak harshly to neighbors, ready to controvert, grow nervous, spoil a job, get into a fuss and come home to dinner in a temper; look coolly on wife, upon the table, and grieve all hereafter, and because wife or daughter could not get up early and help Biddy get the breakfast. The glad the robin wake her; glad I know how to work.

Why, girls, girls, you are up late to-day; you don't know how much you lose to indulge the last half hour in bed. You must get up early if you would have a full measure of beauty—bright eyes and rosy cheeks. I was just thinking how happy getting up in good season and looking to family routine, will make us all. Only think, Minnie, dear, how hast to have every thing right when we all sit down to have something food—neither done, nor a blemish too heavy, much to order, every plate, knife and fork in its place; smiling face, grateful hearts, and pleasant mirth, not a complaint, not a murmur, and all go away with the consciousness of doing that a singing bird making the first gushy notes of family affection, warbling a sweet melody, that home are loved and cared for. Oh! if there is a thought that will make a man discontent, that will make him feel unhappy, and that he has a tidy, careful, industrious wife and children at home. If such a man can be loved

—Minnie, take down that dish-cloth, dear, and wash your pa's clothes for breakfast. Tommy, get the chairs round the table—call the family."

QUIDDLING.

We once knew a gentleman, whose favorite interrogatory phrase was, "How goes the enemy?" meaning time. And in fact, that precious friend of man is treated as if he were the worst of enemies, to be abused, killed, get rid of in some way, by some neither evil nor good. Among the ingenious contrivances to this effect, one of the most successful is thatwhich is executed, in unfortunately that known by the name of Quidding. "Quidding, a favorite pastime of time," Quidding is a simple. Where a man only puts out of the performance of something for an hour or a day, then is still some opportunity left to do some other act in the meantime. But when a man is called to treat time politely, as an acquaintance or a companion, according to the world's fashion, which exacts only the semblance, not the substance of a heartfelt politeness, the Quiddler cannot, by any body's strikes, be taken for a friend of time. He kills him. For, while mankind or air is annihilating the golden moments by a consecutive nuisance of worthless idlers, they cannot, like the procrastinator, stop their Quidding clue.

And what is quidding, pray? "I don't remember," says one, "to have heard it enumerated among the mortal sins, as you make it, when you are about it, you must be guilty of quidding." We will tell you what it is. It is spending time in doing a thing you don't care for," when the variation of a hair's breadth would make no difference. It is waking a quarter of an hour before the proper time, and getting up with a graceful turn or color to a mistake. It is the consumption of a whole forenoon in a visit for a walk, or of an entire afternoon to get ready for an evening party. This consumption of time is more or more various than the term here indicated of one of the things. He who is forever getting ready to do something, will never do it. He is quidder. Life, as some few it is, is an enormous preface to a meagre work not finished, sometimes not begun.

If the matter were viewed as seriously as it ought, there might be a radical reformation in quiddle, quiddler, quiddle, as on "work, work, work." A poor laborer is not to be blamed for that, how lamentably the good house-wife spins round and round, casting all manner of figures, but not cutting up the bread and butter. How is a pretty fellow, who takes a quarter of an hour to tie his cravat, to get just the right set, and double that time to brush his hair, pull on his gloves, and so on. If he has a letter to distpatch, he is as helpless in selecting his paper and pen, and so shockingly nice and prone in its execution, as to seriously retrieve the mail service in affixing an appropriate, but ten to one a mistaken and fantastic seal, that the mail seats are relieved of.

This habit is very costly in more ways than one. None, therefore, but rich people can afford to be quidders. It is a luxury, which, like the dyspepsia and gout, poor folks must not think of coveting. They may class it as the type of living a leal till 9 or 10; then tarrying a hour, as some hypochondriac, over their breakfast, two hours over dinner, another over a third, and perhaps a fourth meal, thus rendering the whole of a human life a mere dream. He who spends all his time in eating, sleeping and dressing, and the remainder in drinking.

It is a sad misfortune to an author, or an artist, if the spirit of quidding ever insinuates itself. We cannot stop to relate an instance here—but it interest *Alexander's Pleasures of the Imagination*, and drove *Allston* to paint half a dozen *Belshazzar's Feast* one over the other. Such very fine men they were, but they could not finally tell, which was made the fragment if it by quidding.

If husband and wife are slowers in this respect alike, time snishes smoothly enough, but the very reverse. Who a man or wife, who knows a quiddler, is a quiddler, and we shunes